On Saturday evening, October 30th, President and Mrs. Marshall entertained the entire college at a Holloween party. The gym was lighted by grimacing-jawed Jack-o-lanters decorated with stacks of cornstalks and golden pumpkins. The spirit of Holloween filled the room when the large stage curtain parted and the first of the tableau, which each class had arranged for the evening was announced. The tableau proved to be Miss Bond, president of the Senior class, riding into the stage on a horse and with hat in hand, the guests watching the narrow escape of his last wife from the tragedy which had befallen her predecessor.

Next the Freshmen called our attention to their tableau, Stephen Brooks. Because the chairs had already been pushed back for dancing, the audience arranged themselves for the floor before the stage, and watched the "Beauty awak. The Romans found among their scenes a dark-haired lassie whom Cinderella's glass slippers exactly duplicated and the Senior class bonated the two loveliest maidens in the land in Snow White and her beautiful queen mother.

Between each tableau the guests danced in the gym, eating apple doughnuts. And all departed with the jealously beautiful queen mother.

On Saturday evening, October 30th, the following girls participated in the costume party. The gym was lighted by grinning slant-eyed Jack-O-lanterns, decorated by the Juniors. 'Tis came into the program and the Senior class boasted the two loveliest ladies in the land in Snow White and her beautiful queen mother. For the benefit of those who have not noticed it, the first annual meeting of the Connecticut College National Association was held at the school on Saturday, October 30th.

**THE DRAMATIC CLUB GIVES THREE PLAYS.**

On Saturday evening, November 5th, the Dramatic Club presented three plays, "The Pot o' Broth," "The Winter Hat" and "Up o' the Thumb." The first play, laid in a tiny village in Ireland, was very quaint and unpretentious. The scenery was designed and built by M. V. '24 and Mr. Speeder. The second play was "The Winter Hat," and the third "Up o' the Thumb." The first play, laid in a tiny village in Ireland, was very quaint and unpretentious. The scenery was designed and built by M. V. '24 and Mr. Speeder. The second play was "The Winter Hat," and the third "Up o' the Thumb." The first play, laid in a tiny village in Ireland, was very quaint and unpretentious. The scenery was designed and built by M. V. '24 and Mr. Speeder. The second play was "The Winter Hat," and the third "Up o' the Thumb."
MUD SLINGING.
Most of us do it—in a mild form, sometimes or another. It is so
vicious a kind of mud, the kind with rocks in it, to which I refer.
Pinkaloe, that calls the other fellow down and thinks he is good
enough to be confident of a little power to think of as the joy to the
heart." B. F. '22.

To the Editor:—We are deeply in-
CLONING
There is a new development in this
field which may revolutionize the
practice of medicine in the future.

To sit and gaze on space that wakes
in me
From the throbbing heart of life!'

R. B. '22.

THE NOBLEST SONNET.
"Ah, Ahas!" the poet cried
"Two souls in one, a doubting heart of Life I've pressed
With dropping wings my mind and Mine
Stricken and mute-distressed.

"O, that I might have power to rise above
A world of turmoil and the wrong
Above the human pain which draws so
Into joyous, carefree song!

That I might stand on heights unknown
to man
And, casting off the shackles of my body
Might升 my soul in glorious melodies
Untouched by taint of earth!

But ever as the poet spoke
A quiet voice was saying in his heart,
"Think thou to win the priceless gift of song
By placing thus thyself apart?
"Thou fool, fear not the zordic
Despair, my soul, and dare the igno-
ritable strife
And you will learn that noblest son-
net from the throbbing heart of life?"

R. E. B., '22.

DISCOURAGEMENT.
To sit and gaze on space that wakes
in me
From the throbbing heart of life!'

R. B. '22.

OH, FOR A LIGHT!
We recognize the fact that there are
many shining lights among the student
body who may in later years brighten
the future of our college and make it
brighter. But we doubt their ability to
shed real, honest-to-goodness illumina-
tion on our dark path to dinner—or
perhaps we've never encountered any
such individuals. Have you shuddered
your toe as many times as we have?

To the Editor:—Not very long ago I
heard it remarked by a member of the
American college girls are superficial.

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R. E. B., '22.

Among our Poets.
To a Freshman on Seeing Her at the Table.
(With Analogies to Robert Burns.)
We, modest cow'rn' tim'rous girls
What makes your b'rin' 'lil' awrightie?
Oh, what a panic in thy breast!
Thou needst not start like that ye bawse!

Wilt thou grant our request?
I wost be loth to harm thee,
Hast thou neighbor around' w'fearful glance

Thou needst not start like that ye bawse!

Wilt thou grant our request?
I wost be loth to harm thee,
Hast thou neighbor around' w'fearful glance

To thy neighbor thou mightst have talked.
And gien reply.

That wee boast o' bread astrow
Hast coast thee my a worry cow, as
As that glance from side to side

Wilt awful shame

Indeed thou wouldst be lost
To finish same.

R. E. B., '22.

AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM.
Are we under the impression that our commu-
nity is a problem and that we have sunk back with a sigh of re-
relief? If so, let us reconsider! Town girls are good for their gym quarters, and as a lunch room and rest room.

The News does not hold itself responsible for opinions expressed in this column.

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R. E. B., '22.
LET THERE BE LIGHT!
Oh for a light, several gleams of light! In this life of hurry, every minute counts. And yet, how many times have we had to pick our way up steps, down stairs and around campus in pitchy darkness? How many times do we feel our stumbling way up the steps between the lampposts and the dimly shining halls is our way to dinner, and either just catch ourselves or go sprawling on our hands and knees? Cannot the light nearest this spot be flashed on earlier?

But this is not all! The car is coming; we rush down the first flight of stairs near the car, fiction and barely escape a fall! For the darkness of the corner makes the location of the last two steps uncertain, and we hesitate or plunge into space, traveling to lock that we shall land safely on our feet. Why cannot a light be placed at this dangerous corner?

Again, even a walk to the Library has its dangers. For how often have we stumbled up the steps of New London Hall or, in wet weather, slipped on our hands and knees to the light nearest this spot be placed at this dangerous corner?

In this life of hurry, and the writing of modern short stories and poetry, varied occasion as an essay, or some other form of literature, is more eagerly awaited.

LITERARY CLUB.
The Literary Club assembled for the first time this year on Tuesday evening, October 27th, in Bradford Lounge. Loretta Roche, president of the club, stated that the program for the winter will consist of the reading of modern short stories and poetry, varied occasion as an essay, or some other form of literature, is more eagerly awaited.

HISTORY CLUB.
All persons interested in History were invited to attend the first meeting of the History Club, held in the Gymnasium Wednesday evening, October 29th. After the business was finished, a novel program of tableaux was presented. Miss Halsey Ross and her friends fashioning the American Founding Fathers, and her acquaintance with the history of the American flag, were received with much enthusiasm. A delightful tea was given on Thursday afternoon, October 29th, in the Garden Lounge. Miss Sherer and Miss Halsey Ross then roused on the subject of the History Club, and its future plans, and the officers and standing committees were elected by special selection.

SERVICE LEAGUE.
The Service League wishes to announce their financial campaign, to date are $430.25. This is hoped that on this occasion they will act as patronsesses of the History Club, and its future plans, and the officers and standing committees were elected by special selection.

THE FIELD WAS SO LARGE AND I SO SMALL!
My gym suit, I snatched my hockey-stick and ran for the field full of enthusiasm to view this new and novel game. Having never before seen a hockey field (I am loathe to confess athletics as little favored in my high school) I was somewhat confused by the curious tangle of white lines. But of course, I feared to ask questions, lest I show my ignorance.

Then a shrill whistle brought me to attention and after the customary roll-call was over, the instructor told us to take our places on the field.

I see that I was to play right inside forward but where, oh where was the right inside forward expected to be? The field was so large and I so small! Again, fearing to disclose my scant knowledge of hockey I kept forlornly stationary, until I marshaled out on the field and allowed to play somewhere. Old station myself somewhere, but I was then informed that I had taken the place of the left full-back. After two girls went through peculiar motions in the center of the field "bullying" they called it, everyone began running in the direction of the goal. Naturally, I ran too.

Never shall I forget that first mumble, "In the most strenuously exciting battle in which I have ever taken part. At first it was one mass, a conglomerate of legs and legs and legs, legs and sticks. I struck blindly, wildly; sometimes missing the earth, sometimes almost never the ball. Then there followed more striking, more shouts and away flew the ball down to the other end of the field.

I heard the order to remain in my own section, but to run parallel with the ball. So up and down I ran, ever abreast with that mad group. I tore over the field as if I were making one last dash for life. My breath came in shorter, quicker, my heart beat faster and faster till it seemed to be pounding against my side. My legs grew heavy and dill and my head began to swim. I felt it my duty to strike at something, to hit the rabble or to give the game up as a bad job—when joy! the welcome whistle blew and rest was called. Thus ended my first game of hockey.

CLUBS.
SPANISH CLUB.
The first meeting of the Spanish Club was held on the evening of Wednesday, October 27th, in New London Hall. Miss Alice Low, Miss along with the assistance of Mrs. Charles G. Haynes, Miss Valentine Chappell, Mrs. John Edwin Wells, Mrs. F. G. Morgan, Mrs. S. Sidney Miner, Miss Ruth Newcomb, the Miss Helen Whitson, Mrs. Henry Still Smith and Mrs. J. Beveridge Lee, Mrs. J. R. Gomes, and Mrs. Charles B. Graves.

MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF HOCKEY.
As soon as I was "tagged out" in my gym suit, I sniffed my hockey-stick and ran for the field full of enthusiasm to view this new and novel game. Having never before seen a hockey field (I am loathe to confess athletics as little favored in my high school) I was somewhat confused by the curious tangle of white lines. But of course, I feared to ask questions, lest I show my ignorance.

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THE WEEKLY GROAN.
If the saying, "Brevity is the soul of wit," is true, then there is something ridiculous about the costumes of some of our fair enchantresses.—The Blue Stocking.

"You can lead a student to lectures, but you can't make him think."

Dr. B.—in B-t-y, "Any nut consists of two parts."

Dr. C.—"Translate, 'tout a coup'." Student—"All in a coup."

Freshman—"Why do the leaves of a book stay together?"

Senior—"Oh, they're bound to do that."

W., H. —"Can you imagine anything worse than having cooties?"

G. H.—"Yes, suppose you had 'em and they chirped."

Even in the coup! (Not the "coup" of our promising French student!) On miles we find two legs behind And two we find before: We stand behind before we find What the two behind be for?—Georgie was praying, but his sister Lorraine could not resist the temptation to tickle his bare, unprotected pink soles.

Georgie stood it unflinching for some minutes, then, stopping short his devotions, "Excuse me a minute, God," he said, "while I beat the stuffing out of Lorry."—The Crescent.

BEATING THE H. C. L.
There was a fair co-ed named Jean. Who aspired to become kitchen queen; She toil domestic science. And with every appliance She prepared a whole meal from a lean. —Life.

CLASS MEETINGS.
FRESHMAN CLASS MEETING.
The first Freshman class meeting was called to order on November 4th by Dorothy Gregson, who explained that the class colors are to be buff and white. A pioneer suffragist, who left $2,500 in trust to be used for this purpose as soon as equal rights should be secured throughout the country.

The following Freshman class members were appointed: Baccalaureate Meets: Misses Cone; Senior Prom: Florence Silver, Ruth Wiles, Hattie Goldman, Agnes Leshay.

SOPHOMORE CLASS MEETING.
At the second regular meeting of the Sophomore Class held Wednesday, November 3rd, Dean Nye, President Marshall, Miss Black, and Mr. Doyle were voted honorary members of the class. Jeanette Cone was elected class auditor.

JUNIOR CLASS MEETING.
At the regular meeting of the Junior Class Friday, November 5th, Grace Fisher was elected associate editor, Jeannette Sperry, subscription manager, and Helen Posee assistant art editor of the Koiné.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING.
On the same date at the Senior Class meeting plans for the Koiné were discussed. Louise Lee was unanimously elected Senior associate editor to replace Margaret Jacobson. The Abby Print Shop, Publishers, are to have charge of all the printing. Advertisements will be $40 for a full page, $20 for a half page, and $10 for a quarter page. Contributions from all the classes are greatly desired.

The following Commencement committee were appointed: Baccalaureate and Commencement: Jeannette Lef- ney, Elka McColm, Catherine Cone; Class Day: Marion Kenne, Gladys Bebe, Laura Batchelder, Dorothy Wulf, Laura Dickenson; Senior Prom: Florence Silver, Ruth Wilson, Hattie Goldman, Agnes Leshay.

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